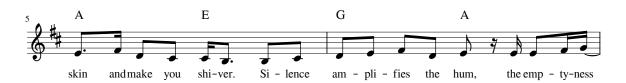
## The Soft Wind

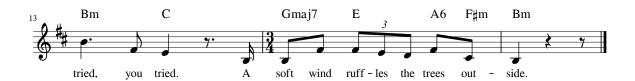
Lyrics: John Frederick Mason Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen











## THE SOFT WIND

And suddenly the party's over.
Open windows let night in,
touch your skin
and make you shiver.
Silence amplifies the hum
the emptiness of life that's gone,
the pulse, the beating drum.
Standing at the kitchen sink
you're lost in darkness black as ink.
Above the stars go out.
What was it all about?
You tried, you tried.
A soft wind ruffles the trees outside.

The room is filled with empty glasses, empty bottles, books half-read, words half-said, forgotten chances.

Photos on the sideboard dream of all the times that might have been, of all you meant and mean.

Closing round you now, the walls have eyes that stare and mouths that call – transparent as your skin, the house that you lived in.

A siren fades.

A soft wind sighs in the lost arcades.

The light you left before it faded pushes at the open door.

No one saw what you were saying.

No one took your words for keeps when you confused the dark with deep and lost your life to sleep.

Traffic in the distance roars.

The city breathes behind locked doors.

A pale light fills the air.

I wonder, Are you there?

A blackbird sings.

A soft wind shivers the playground swings.